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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIV. CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 22, 1900. NUMBER 26

LINCOLN
THE GREAT COMMONER.

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

Author of "The Man with the Hoe" and other Poems.

When the Norn-mother saw the Whirlwind Hour,
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She bent the strenuous heavens and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.

She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
It was a stuff to wear for centuries,
A man that matched the mountains and compelled
The stars to look our way and honor us.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth,
The tang and odor of the primal things—
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The loving kindness of the wayside well;
The tolerance and equity of light,
That gives as freely to the shrinking weed
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.

And so he came.
From prairie cabin up to capitol,
One fair Ideal led our chieftain on.
Forevermore he burned to do his deed
With the fine stroke and gesture of a king.
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,
The conscience of him testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart
And when the step of Earthquake shook the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient hold,
He held the ridgepole up and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame, and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a kingly cedar green with boughs
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills.

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A Wisconsin Congress of Religion.

A CALL.

Recognizing the increasing spirit of fellowship between the denominations and in acknowledgment of the sincerity with which all alike are seeking light upon the perplexing problems, both theoretical and practical, which confront us, we, the undersigned, citizens of Wisconsin, send forth this Call to as many as are like minded throughout our state to join us in a Congress of Religion to consider how our common interests may be advanced; this Congress to be held in the Union Congregational Church of Green Bay, Wisconsin, February 27, 28 and March 1, 1900.

(Signed)
For the Promoters of the
Wisconsin Congress by

REV. E. G. UPDYKE.....Pastor Congregational Church, Madison, Wis.
REV. J. W. FRIZZELL.....Pastor Congregational Church, Eau Claire, Wis.
REV. E. H. SMITH.....Pastor Congregational Church, Oshkosh, Wis.
REV. J. M. A. SPENCE.....Pastor Union Congregational Church, Green Bay, Wis.
REV. W. M. FORKELL.....Pastor First Congregational Church, DePere, Wis.
REV. A. C. GRIER.....Pastor Universalist Church, Racine, Wis.
REV. C. E. VARNEY.....Pastor Universalist Church, Monroe, Wis.
REV. A. G. WILSON.....Pastor All Souls Church, Janesville, Wis.
REV. T. S. ANDERSON.....Pastor Presbyterian Church, Marinette Wis.
REV. CHAS. F. NILES.....Pastor Unitarian Church, Menominee Wis.
MRS. HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.....Columbus, Wis.
MRS. FLORENCE G. BUCKSTAFF.....Oshkosh, Wis.
MRS. ELLA HOES NEVILLE.....Green Bay, Wis.
B. S. HOXIE.....Evansville, Wis.
MRS. J. W. GREENLEAF.....Hillside, Miss.
MRS. ALICE B. LOOMIS.....Richland Center, Wis.

A RESPONSE

In keeping with the spirit and work of the Liberal Congress of Religion the undersigned heartily accept an invitation received from the above friends to coöperate with them in the meeting contemplated in the above Call, and assure them of our sincere sympathy with their aims and of our earnest effort to advance the interests of this gathering in every way within our power.

(Signed)
For the Directors of the
General Congress by

REV. H. W. THOMAS, D.D., President.....Chicago.
DR. E. G. HIRSCH, Vice-President.....Chicago.
JENKIN LLOYD JONES, General Secretary.....Chicago.
REV. GRANVILLE ROSS PIKE, Chairman Local Congresses.....Chicago.
REV. JOHN FAVILLE, Director.....Peoria, Ill.

PROGRAM.

(Subject to Modification.)

Green Bay, Wisconsin, February 27, 28 and March 1, 1900, in the Union Congregational Church.

Tuesday, February 27—Afternoon 2.30. WOMAN'S CONGRESS.

Invocation. Mrs. Ruth K. Ellis, President of Woman's Club of Green Bay, Chairman.
2:45 The Religious Training of Children, Mrs. Florence G. Buckstaff, Oshkosh.
3:15 Discussion, led by Mrs. J. W. Greenleaf, Hillside.
4:00 The New Message, Mrs. Vandelia Varnum Thomas, Chicago.

Evening.—INTRODUCTORY TO GENERAL CONGRESS.

The Hon. S. D. Hastings, Sr., Green Bay, Chairman.
7.45. Music. Prayer.
Address of Welcome, Hon. H. O. Fairchild, Green Bay, on behalf of the Union Congregational Church.
Response, The Rev. Hiram W. Thomas, D. D., Chicago; President Liberal Congress of Religion.
Sermon, The Rev. E. G. Updyke, D. D ; Pastor First Congregational Church, Madison, Wis.

POSITIVE QUALITIES OF THE NEW THEOLOGY.—Wednesday, February 28, Morning.

Invocation. The Rev. Hiram W. Thomas, D. D., Chicago, Chairman.
9:30. The Search for a New Theology, The Rev. C. E. Varney, Pastor Universalist Church, Monroe.
9:50. The Impact Upon Life of the New Theology, The Rev. Granville Ross Pike, Pastor Millard Avenue Presbyterian Church, Chicago.
10:10. Spiritual Value of the New Theology, The Rev. William M. Forkell, Pastor First Congregational Church, DePere, Wis.
10:30. Unifying Influences of the New Theology, The Rev. A. G. Wilson, Pastor All Souls Church, Janesville.
10:50 Discussion of Previous Papers, Led by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, General Secretary Liberal Congress of Religion.

PRACTICAL TENDENCIES IN CURRENT THOUGHT.—Afternoon.

Invocation. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Chairman.
2:00. The Growing Ethical Element in Religion, The Rev. F. T. Rouse, Pastor First Congregational Church, Appleton.
2:20. Modifications of Church Organization and Methods, The Rev. Judson Titsworth, Pastor Plymouth Congregational Church, Milwaukee.
2:40. Sociological Lessons for Our Day from the Hebrew Scriptures, Rabbi Isaac Moses, Temple Israel, Chicago.
3:00. A Definite Program for Social Reform, The Rev. A. C. Grier, Pastor Universalist Church, Racine.
3:20. Discussion of Previous Papers, Led by The Rev. E. H. Smith, Pastor First Congregational Church, Oshkosh.
A Banquet and Reception will be tendered the Congress from 5 to 7 o'clock by the United Workers of the Union Congregational Church.

PROPHETIC VOICES.—Evening.

7:45. Music. Prayer. The Rev. Judson Titsworth, Chairman
8:00. The Prophecy of History: Or, The Achievements of the Nineteenth Century, The Rev. J. W. Frizzell, Pastor First Congregational Church, Eau Claire, Wis.
8:20. The Vision of To-day, The Rev. Mrs. H. W. Thomas of Chicago.
8:40. What Next? Jenkin Lloyd Jones, General Secretary Liberal Congress of Religion.

A SURVEY OF THE FIELD.—Wednesday, March 1, Morning.

The Rev. E. H. Smith, Chairman.
9:00. The Future of the Congress in Wisconsin—General Discussion.
10:30 Final Adjournment.

Entertainment will be provided for all who attend the Congress by the friends in Green Bay. Persons intending to be present are requested to send their names to the Rev. J. M. A. Spence, Green Bay, Wisconsin, as early as possible.

UNITY

VOLUME XLIV. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1900. NUMBER 26

Edward Everett Hale, in the "Lend a Hand Record for February, says: "The most melancholy war in the history of Christendom since the Alva of the sixteenth century fought the Dutch dependencies of Spain, is going on as we write. At the same time let it be said the arrangements are being made in that same Holland for the initiation of that supreme tribunal which, had it existed for ten years with the prestige of ten years and the authority gained in ten years of prestige could have made impossible the miseries which every day records in the South Africa of today."

Our English exchanges, the *Christian Life* and the *Inquirer* are laden with appreciative memorial matter concerning James Martineau and John Ruskin. Mr. Sunderland's address in the Highgate Church, London, on James Martineau, has been printed in pamphlet form. Mr. Millson, of Northgate M Chapel, Halifax, held a memorial service in his church on the day and hour of Ruskin's funeral. All this should bring higher living, broader sympathies and a greater faith in the weapons of peace than in the enginery of war, to our English brethren. "Quickened are they who touch a prophet's bones."

Dr. Heber Newton, of New York, accompanies an enclosure of $200 as further contribution to the work of the congress and unity—five hundred dollars have already been contributed by him through the year—with the gratifying information that the Rev. Charles A. Briggs, of the Union Theological Seminary, has consented to speak at the Boston Congress of Religion. He will be heard at one of the Friday sessions. Remember the dates, April 23-30. All those attending east of Chicago, or any other of the gateways of the Central Passenger Association, will be permitted to travel at one and one-third rates if a total of 100 delegates are present. Please send to the general secretary your intentions as early as possible.

From private sources we learn that the Rev. Mr. Bowie, Secretary of the British Foreign Association of London, Mr. John Prichard, Secretary of the British Unitarian Sunday School Association, and his sister, Miss Marion Prichard, editor of the "Helper," and a prominent Sunday School worker with her brother, are going to visit America in May, as delegates to the International Unitarian meetings to be held in Boston. They purpose sailing early enough to come as far west as Chicago, where they hope to spend some days, about May 4th to 8th. On behalf of many friends of progress, Unity rejoices in the promised visit, and extends to them cordial welcome and hopes they may receive worthy greeting.

UNITY extends its congratulations to its neighbor and fellow-worker, the *Reform Advocate* who last week celebrated its ninth anniversary. This paper is primarily the organ of our neighbor, E. G. Hirsch, and its pages have been characterized with the fearlessness and vision which go with the utterances of the Sinai pulpit. But the Reform Advocate has been more than this, it has been the mouthpiece of liberal Judaism, a Judaism that has not only tried to discriminate between the transient and permanent in the religion of the Jews, but has tried to incorporate with what is permanent in that religion whatsoever has appeared as new light and new life in the growing life of man and the broadening experiences born out of the interchange of races and the commingling of national ideas. Next week Unity will celebrate its twenty-second anniversary, and from its superior vantage of years throws back its welcome and its cheer to this hopeful youth, and wishes it many years and growing usefulness.

"The greatest, most practical and most efficient of social ideas is unselfish love." This is the closing sentence of an article by Dr. Louis G. Janes on "The Value of Social Ideas" in the December "Mind." The sentence quoted, to our mind, points clearly to the neglected element in the so-called books of sociology and economic study. Consciously or unconsciously, even the new writers on these topics avoid, so far as possible, the recognition of these elements in the statement or in the solution of social problems. It is the recognition of this element as a scientific factor in sociology and economics, that makes the words of such writers as Jane Addams, Graham Taylor, Ernest Crosby, George D. Herron and others so much sought after. This recognition of love as an inevitable factor, even in the financial adjustments of the world, is not sentimentality, but sense. It is, if you like the adjectives, "hard" and "cold" science, because science recognizes all the facts in the case, and love is a tremendous fact; it must be recognized in the discussion, and can be appealed to in the solution of our perplexities. Reforms must work from the top downward.

It is with sorrow that we record the death of Frederick Wilhelm Nicolass Hugenholtz, of Grand Rapids, Mich., who on the 17th inst., after a painful illness of eight days, passed away in the sixtieth year of his age. Mr. Hugenholtz came to America years ago as a preacher of that liberal religion represented by the progressive school of Leiden. He was a pupil of the great Biblical scholar, Kuenen. He came in response to an invitation from his countrymen at Grand Rapids, Mich., and organized the Holland Unitarian Church, the leader of which he has

been up to the time of his death. Mr. Hugenholtz was not only a man of culture, but a man of the people. He represented not only scholarship as applied to Biblical problems, but he represented the humanities as represented in the living issues of today, a genial, earnest man whose heart was with the people, who believed that it was the business of the church to apply the principles of religion not only to the problems of the individual, but to the problems of the state, the shop and the counting room. Many of the readers of Unity have rejoiced in his fellowship, and will share with the editors in extending tenderest sympathy to the family of the genial and strong leader who "being dead yet speaketh." His work abides, inviting others to enter into his labors and to carry on the banner he so strongly and skilfully bore.

Unity extends its congratulations to the united workers of the Union Congregational Church at Green Bay, Wis., over their achievement in the publication entitled, *The Unionist* a monthly devoted to "religion, sociology and literature." It is altogether the ablest and most genial parish paper that reaches our table. Its propaganda is a hearty one. It is committed in unequivocal terms to the undogmatic religion the day of which it sees approaching. It joins with Unity in saying that sectarianism is the scandal of Christendom. Among its editorial sentences are the following: "Christ gives the world neither creeds nor ceremonies, but character." "In society to find unity, we must have units; one cannot be unanimous alone." "It is the touch of heart with heart that gives the surest sense of the supreme heart of all." Among the men who are called upon to give testimony to the truth here implied in this one issue, are Kipling, Justice Brewer, of Washington, Ruskin, Edward Everett Hale, Dean Farrar, Rev. S. T. Carter, a Presbyterian minister of New York City, Robert Collyer, John D. Long, Mazoomdar, Phillips Brooks, Lyman Abbott and many others. Of course this number gives due space to the approaching Wisconsin Congress of Religion which we again advertise on our second page. We trust many of our readers will send thirty-five cents to Mrs. C. E. Vroman, business manager, for a year's subscription.

We give some notice among our Field Notes of the work of the Federation of Churches and Christian Workers in New York City. Some pamphlet account of its methods and work is before us. It is one of the encouraging signs of the times. The printed material shows how much wise method and obvious results are within reach of co-operation which are absolutely impossible to the individual church or worker. The "Outlook" for February 17, tells us that thirty-five clergymen, under the inspiration of the federation spirit, have joined together in putting forth a signed statement for the basis of their work in "popular language, which was in no sense a creed." These assertions are very naive when this statement in "popular language" goes on with the mystical phraseology over which the human soul has floundered for ages, phraseology born out of unscientific and uncritical ages concerning the elusive and ever-perplexing and metaphysical doctrines of incarnation, resurrection, sanctification, ordinances and sacraments, a triune God, the headship of a "Christ born of a virgin, who ascended to the Father and is to come again to judge the living and the dead." It is interesting to see how much good practical work can be accomplished under any form of union, and we speak this commendatory word of this New York Federation as showing a beginning. It is only a foretaste of that larger union that is to come that will be expressed in terms less theological, more modern, more universal and more true to the highest thinking, best scholarship and most practical embodiments of the religious spirit in these days.

Municipal Politics in Chicago.

The Municipal Voters' League, realizing that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance, was the first in the field with its open discussion of the aldermanic situation. Anticipating the elections of next spring, it has issued its four column analysis not only of the general situation, but of the individual characters of the respective aldermen whose terms of office expire next March, many of whom are candidates for reelection. The report, though dealing directly with Chicago problems and appealing to Chicago voters, concerns itself with problems that are much the same in all cities, and we are sure we serve our readers everywhere in reprinting editorially so much of the general discussion in the report as our space will permit. Here are some paragraphs from the introduction:

Last spring's aldermanic election gave to this city for the first time in many years a council with an honest majority, which signalized its advent by the rational, though unprecedent, act of effecting a nonpartisan organization of its standing committees on the basis of integrity and fitness. With such a council and with a mayor whose position on the great question of municipal franchises was resolute and unequivocal, Chicago could cease to sit up nights to prevent the theft of public streets and had no need to fear such scenes as have been recently enacted in Milwaukee and St. Louis or such an end of the traction struggle as has disgraced Indianapolis. With such a council individuals and corporations have been freed from the importunities of sand-bagging aldermen and have been stripped of the plea that it was necessary to purchase that which was their due.

The situation is novel and is hardly grasped yet by either the aldermen or the people. Some of the disreputables in the council continue to render themselves liable to the penitentiary by soliciting bribes. Perhaps in some cases ignorant people who can receive such privileges as they are entitled to without bribery continue to expose their civic viciousness and to render themselves liable by giving bribes.

In addition to these conspicuous benefits there has been a steady and constant betterment in work that the public does not notice. The honest men in the council, freed from the burden of being constantly on the watch to block their disreputable colleagues, have set themselves to do thoroughly the work in hand and to plan constructive work for the future of our city. Ward cleaning, though far from ideal, is better done and at smaller expense. Conscientious men are giving careful attention to the river problems and to traction problems. A system of small parks in the crowded districts is being inaugurated and a committee is studying in a broad and comprehensive way the entire topography of the city and its environs in order that whatever there is of natural beauty may be preserved forever for the people.

The progress of the city toward better government has been great, but much has yet to be done. There remains in the council a considerable residue of the old-time villainy, measurably powerless, it is true, but ever planning and plotting and working for the restoration of the "golden

age." Before them hangs the prize of "fixing" the traction settlement and they call loudly to their kind outside the council chamber to climb into the city hall and help. There is a tremendous pressure to get bad people back; there is even greater pressure to keep bad people in.

We must not disguise from ourselves the fact that the next four years are to be an exceedingly critical period for Chicago. Whether the people of Chicago are to receive an adequate rental for the use of the public streets by private corporations, whether there shall be preserved to the people the right at their option equitably to terminate such use and to substitute municipal operation, will rest with the aldermen to be chosen. At this critical time there is the most urgent need of sending to the council men who, besides being honest, are trained business men, experienced in large affairs, clear-headed and far-sighted, and this is not only because of the pending traction settlement, but even more because of the general financial condition of the city. For some years the city's finances have gone from bad to worse until now there is required a fearless exposure and facing of facts and the application of radical remedies, if our city is to preserve its financial honor. Indifference on your part at this time will defeat your interests in the traction settlement for a generation to come; neglect of your plain civic duty will bring the city dangerously near to financial discredit.

But the time for dark pessimism has gone by. The league, keeping in mind what you have accomplished in the four preceding campaigns, feels assured that you will do your duty. Honest and watchful voters will insist on the nomination of honest and capable candidates, and, with the aid of the reputable press, will still further strengthen the force that stands in the council chamber for common decency and for public honor.

With the sole purpose of assisting in this work and in pursuance of its established duty the league herewith submits to you its report on the official records of the outgoing aldermen. In submitting this report the league is profoundly conscious of the growing difficulty of analyzing the situation. In the absence of the former status where lines could be sharply drawn judgments are in some cases difficult to reach and recommendations hard to make. For every position taken the league has acted only after careful consideration of all available facts and with the utmost desire to do no wrong to any man.

We wish we could follow the above with some account of the agency that has brought about this change that justifies at least a hope where before things seemed hopeless.

In 1895 the City Council of Chicago had probably sunk to its lowest ebb. There were, in a body of sixty-eight men, not to exceed ten or twelve who could be trusted. Franchises permitting the use of public property for private gain were bought and sold without regard to public weal. Bribery was a matter of course, and a subject for open talk and shameless jest on the floor of the council. The mayor vetoed ordinances against which public clamor was raised, with the justified confidence that his veto would be overruled.

Somehow public sentiment demanded a change, and the Civic Federation called a meeting to discuss the question. No one foresaw what action would be taken or what would result, but there was an earnestness of purpose backed by the moral sensibilities of the people. Many of the voters then advocated at once launching a Municipal Party, and along long lines they were doubtless right, for as has been well said and reiterated, the joining of national politics with municipal business, degrades the one and demoralizes the other.

But a majority believed in trying to do good within party lines, by the application of decent people to the service of their parties.

There gradually grew out of this gallery the idea of a Municipal Committee, and eventually of all men canvassed to take up the work one man was found with courage enough to begin it. A sturdy, strong, honest man, with common sense and tremendous will. And since his advent on the scene the name of George Cole is a terror to boodlers, and the source of joy to every decent citizen.

He had seen so much of committees that did not commit, and realized so keenly the necessity of hard-fisted, high-handed work in meeting the criminal tactics of the common enemy among whom our best citizens figured prominently, that he made few and simple conditions.

First. That the Civic Federation would get him an active finance committee.

Second. That he should have full and absolute authority to appoint his own Executive Committee, and

Third. That said committee should be absolutely independent of every organization, and that their only reports should be made to the voters of Chicago.

The scheme was beautifully simple, but would have been hopeless without the splendid co-operation of most of the press. The time was ripe, a leader had appeared in Israel, and through the newspapers information could be spread.

After four years of heroic work, Mr. Cole was reluctantly given the needed rest he called for, and Mr. William Kent last year took up his work, and is still at the head of the organization. Those who have led in this struggle for municipal renovation have not been engaged in a quest for the impossible. They have not been chasing rainbows, but with a plain end in view they have struggled and fought, now up and now down, inspired by what would seem to be the simplest of political axioms, that civic crimes are as shameful as private crimes and far more cowardly.

President Hadley, in his recent convocation address in Chicago, labored to show that laxity in civil morals was due to lack in development along these lines of thought.

Only those who have taken active part in this work of routing out evildoers in office, realize what awful work it is, this merciless chopping and hacking at reputations, the stinging words of denunciation that make hard men sad in the grief of their families; the necessary cruelty visited upon those who are often uneducated and usually kindly and more than unfortunate in being out of place. And hardest of all is the thought that somehow or other it is impossible to reach and punish, even by public opinion, the worse criminal, the bribe giver.

This work is so grim that perhaps no one could persist in it that had not personally tested the bitter experience of trying to serve the city with those who with brazen defiance openly ignore public rights, and defy public decency.

With success the work comes harder, for with the growth of a corporate conscience it seems to be more cruel, to impale upon its spear the shameless violators of the same. The task was easy at first, and pleasant, for then it seemed almost a hopeless task, but now when the leaders can see the battle not won,—for such a struggle is never over,—but when there is a strong majority on their side, and the old residue comes

pretty near to representing what their people want in the way of representation, now when the violators have ceased from defiance and threats, it is sad work to do one's duty and to keep on hewing to the line.

In view of all this accomplished, let the honest voter everywhere take heart, let the independent be reassured, and let the work of scratching ballots go on until by the long way round our cities come to that political sanity that will banish forever from municipal problems the ever-meddlesome and ever-dangerous interference of national politics and all partisan manipulation along these lines.

Good Poetry.

Sonnets.

Men call you fair, and you do credit it,
  For that yourself ye daily such do see:
But the true fair, that is the gentle wit,
  And virtuous mind, is much more praised of me;
  For all the rest, however fair it be,
Shall turn to naught, and loose that glorious hue;
  But only that is permanent and free
From frail corruption, that doth flesh ensue
That is true beauty: that doth argue you
  To be divine, and born of heavenly seed;
Derived from that fair spirit, from whom all true
  And perfect beauty did at first proceed:
The only fair, and what he fair hath made;
All other fair, like flowers, untimely fade.

—*Edmund Spenser.*

Sleep, Silence' child, sweet father of soft rest,
  Prince whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
  Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
Sole comforter of minds with grief oppress'd.
  Lo, by thy charming rod all breathing things
Lie slumbering, with forgetfulness posses'd,
  And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
Thou sparest (alas!) who cannot be thy guest.
Since I am thine, oh, come, but with that face
  To inward light which thou are wont to show,
With feigned solace ease a true-felt woe,
Or if, dear God, thou do deny that grace,
Come as Thou wilt, and what Thou wilt bequeath,
I long to kiss the image of my death.

—*William Drummond.*

Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and part
  Nay, I have done, you get no more of me,
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
  That thus so clearly I myself can free,
Shake hands forever, cancel all our vows,
  And, when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
  That we one jot of former love retain:
Now at the last grasp of Love's latest breath,
  When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
  And innocence is closing up his eyes,
Now if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou mightst him yet recover.

—*Michael Drayton.*

It is not to be thought of that the blood
Of British freedom, which to the open sea
Of the world's praise from dark antiquity
Hath flow'd, "with pomp of waters unwithstood,"
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
That this most famous stream in bogs and sands
Should perish, and to evil and to good
Be lost forever. In our halls is hung
Armory of the invincible knights of old:
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespere spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.—In everything we are sprung
Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

—*William Wordsworth.*

The Pulpit.

Sermons to the Classes.—I. Of Men.

A SERMON BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, PREACHED IN ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, JANUARY 21, 1900.

Perhaps the charge of vagueness so often made against the pulpit, lies partly in the fact that religion loves to deal with general principles. Religion and ethics rest in synthesis. They take their bearings by the stars, they rise out of an appreciation of the whole, out of a sense of the complete, at least the large aggregates. Religion more and more distrusts the segmentations and the antagonisms of party and sect ranks and the passing distinctions of time. If the trend of modern thought points to anything it points to the growing superficiality of these divisions that rest on race differences, geographical distinctions, intellectual opinions and credal or ceremonial preferences. The inspiring words in religion are Unity, Fraternity, Equality. The latest methods of religion all lead to co-operation, to a concern for the whole, a practical togetherness. The poet's dictum is being verified by the scientist's analysis and experience of the race.

"The soul is lost that's saved alone."

And still aggregates are made up of communities, communities are made up of individuals, and the masses are made up out of the classes and perhaps we can better reach our general principles and more fully enter into the inspirations of the whole if we examine a little more closely some of the classes that together constitute the masses.

For these reasons I have long had in mind a series of sermon studies of the classes and I begin this morning such a course which will be continued at irregular intervals until you or I or all of us grow weary or conclude that it is unprofitable, for I will not attempt to exhaust the series nor will I undertake to forecast it. But it does seem that the pulpit should in these days of study, reorganization and reconsideration have a message to men, to women, to some alleged class know as "young people," to business men, to politicians, to teachers, lawyers, doctors, to the so-called leisure class, to the working men, etc., etc.

We will start out with the largest classification, for of course the largest, most permanent and significant classification of humanity is the sex classification. Here, at least, we find a distinction that is fundamental for however such men and women may hold in common, however identical they may be in their interests, their weaknesses and their strengths, there is a difference between men and women, lasting, permanent, valid, and there is nothing gained by ignoring it, but everything gained by studying it.

This morning I will not undertake any profound analysis either biological or sociological, of this difference, but will content myself with a word of vindication, of accusation and of appeal to men my brothers.

First, of vindication. I deny the implication so generally made, too generally accepted by men themselves, that the masculine nature is deficient in spirituality, that it lacks in its very constitution the subtle sympathy with the great unseen forces of life moving within and without the soul that belongs to woman. Under the guise of this easy but vicious hypothesis, men too often shirk many of the grave responsibilities of life. They leave church matters to their wives and the moral and spiritual training of their children to the mothers. They "do not know about such matters." "You know men are too busy to think of these things." "My wife represents the religious interests

of our family; I pay the bills." Or, "I pay whatever she asks." All this is false in theory and exceedingly vicious in fact. Even a passing recognition of it is degenerating to men and demoralizing to boys. It encourages that rudeness and roughness which has no more right in the nature of things to be found in the conduct of the lad than the lassie. It is not true that man is born into the world with fewer skyward windows in the soul than woman. It is not true that the masculine nature puts fetters upon the heart or the conscience that the feminine nature is free from. All the facts of history and life disprove this assumption of the irreligious, non-ethical, non-spiritual quality of the masculine mind or the masculine conscience. In proof of this assumption it is for men to remember that the great psalmists of the world were men. With all the deference to the beautiful lives and holy achievements of women, the martyr role of humanity absolutely refuses to recognize the sex-line or respect the sex assumption. Moses, Isaiah, Jesus, Paul, Buddha, Socrates and Mohamed, Savonarola, a'Kempis and Emerson were men and they did not belie their sex, for all the wrong done among the lesser lights and in the longer line men have suffered for truth, have sacrificed for their fellows, have lived, stayed by high principles and died undaunted in the interest of high truths, sustained by high hopes. Follow this claim to its ultimate and we will find even the activities by common consent are considered to be the special activities of religion, even the conventional church, the missionary forces, the educational interests, the publication demands, even now, popular assumption notwithstanding, rest as directly upon the active support, the personal sacrifice and individual attention of the men as of the women. However they may differ in their administration in some details, still men are the directors of great educational institutions, the trustees of great funds, the administrators of the practical institutions of society. I, with you, grow restive under any emphasis of this distinction. It is easy to make over claims here, I speak of it only to dispel the conceit of the women and the cowardice of men that spring out of an assumption that man, the modern man, at least, must be released from these high responsibilities because, forsooth, he is a man and consequently deprived by his masculine nature of the capacity for high thinking, the power of profound feeling and the insight of a far reaching conscience. Whatever straits we may be brought into by the statistician of today and by the interpreter of modern life, I resent any explanation of these facts or any acceptation of the situation on the theory that men, because they are men, cannot be expected to be interested in the only forces that are lasting and the only causes that are worthy of the highest attention and the profoundest elevation of the human soul. If men are selfish, gross, lazy, indifferent to the call of religion, unmoved by poetry, awkward in the presence of children, and disloyal to their duty as fathers and neighbors; if they are ignorant of the demands and defects of the schools wherein their children are being educated; of the life and work of the church and the Sunday school wherein are fostered the moral forces of society, it is not because they are men, and they have no right to offer their masculine constitution as explanation for their shortcomings or an apology for a continuation of the same. If in these United States we have had our Lucretia Mott, Harriet Beecher Stowe and Dorothea Dix, we have had a Ralph Waldo Emerson, a John Brown and a Samuel G. Howe to match them. From the kindergarten to the college, from the farm to the art gallery, from the spelling school to the Parliament of Religions, man has shown his power to understand, his capacity to appreciate and his willingness to support the great spiritual realities and needs of our time.

If you undertake the dangerous task of differentiating between the religious and moral nature of man, I enter the same vindication. Man is not more immoral than woman. His temptations are different, his violations of the law of equity and purity have a quality of their own perhaps, but I deny the essential inferiority of man's moral nature and believe that if time permitted, even the grim statistics of crime, the horrible fact that perhaps ninety percent of the inmates of our penitentiaries are men, are only a seeming denial of my claims and the explanation of the grim facts must be found resting upon something other than the sex distinction. Woman's crimes may be different as her temptations are different and her opportunities are different, but truthfulness, honesty, fair dealing, the morality that swears to its own hurt and is anxious to pay its debts, both tangible and intangible, can scarcely claim feminine pre-eminence.

Having said this much in vindication of the masculine gender, my brother man will bear with me while I with the same frankness urge some of the unquestioned accusations that may be laid at the feet of the men of our day. Lest I lose myself again in generalities, please understand that I speak not of an abstract man, not of man in general but I speak to you, men of Chicago, in particular. I address myself to the men in this presence and I will not take time to try to discover the causes that lead to these sorry facts, enough that they exist and that they bear a sex mark, a masculine quality upon them.

There is no denying the fact, in the first place, that the men of Chicago are ever prone to narrowness, the exigencies of what they call "business," the absorbing concentration necessary to attain that something they call "success" do tend to draw them away from those social relations, those co-operative industries in the interest of mind and morals which will tend to subordinate the business man to the man, to keep his intellect alive his sympathies at work on the problems of today. I think there is no one will deny that there is a tendency among the men of Chicago to put many obligations which their own nature recognizes as obligations into the future tense, while they their own interest and business ambitions into the present tense. "No time, no money, no sympathy, no interest this year for you, but next year, if I succeed, time, money, sympathy and interest plenty. But no time, money, interest or sympathy for any cause until a certain given point is reached." "When I have paid this mortgage, built that house, brought my business up to a certain income, fixed it so that my family can live when I am dead up to the same standard of comfort and luxury as the family of neighbor B and neighbor C; then if there is anything left I will have time, money, sympathy and interest for those causes which I know are fundamental. Meanwhile, my wife must attend to the children's education. Meanwhile I will not go to church, I will not attend lectures; I will buy no books, I will entertain no not even angels except by the compulsion of my family for this will all cost time, money, interest or sympathy so much needed in my business." Whatever the causes may be, whatever the justifications may be, it remains true, sadly true, and can be demonstrated by every day observation that the narrowest members of society are those men in any or all of the professions that yield to the seductions of "success," and sacrifice breadth to intensity to that extent that when the "success" point is reached, if it ever is, the very organs in the interest of which the success was reached are aborted, the very powers they meant to foster are gone and the possibilities of the spiritual organization they started out with have been dwarfed beyond recovery, in this world at least. There is no sadder thing to contemplate than the slow degeneracy of a successful man.

To see the ideals of twenty being blurred in the thirties, ignored in the forties, lost in the fifties and sneered at in the sixties; all brought about by the unconscious degeneracy bargained for by an intensity that makes for narrowness. The most obvious danger of the man in Chicago today is this practical narrowing of the scope of vision, limiting the range of thought, clipping the wings of his imagination and searing the extremities of those conscience tentacles by which the soul keeps itself in touch with the growing the world, the divine leadings of growing causes. Let men beware of the spiritual encrustations that, oyster-like, environ the organism that fastens itself to one place and sets itself to the one task of acquisition, feeding itself, and storing away its accumulations which turn out to be glandular enlargements that interfere with locomotion and spontaneity.

The next accusation that can be thrown up against the man of today in a special sense is that of physical indulgence, the cultivation and the gratification of bodily comfort. It may strike you as strange but nevertheless I think it true, that the male is getting to be the luxurious sex in the human family. By a process entirely explicable, man in the interest of his "business," reduces his mental stimuli, narrows the range of his intellectual excitements, falls back unconsciously upon the physical stimuli and corporeal luxury. I speak not now of the vulgar dissipations and the wild hilarity that run into intoxication, the brutal indulgences of the inebriate; I am thinking of the genteel and costly luxuries of the club, the extravagances of the gourmand which are not confined to the degenerate sons of thrifty and prosperous parents, the dudes, the snobs and the non-productive and unprofitable idler, the genteel "globe trotter"; but I mean again the hard-working business man. Oftentime the first manifest and unquestionable sign that he is making headway and approaching that point we call "success" is found in an increased rotundity, and added plumpness, a more pronounced tinge in the cheek and the slowly developed blossom on the nose. The delicacy of its tinge and the deliberation of its development keeping pace with and being brought about in the same way as the rich tinting of his meerschaum pipe.

If you want a connoisseur's estimate of good cooking and would be instructed in some of the latest achievements in the art of the chef, get a prosperous man, a "rising" man, to invite you to lunch down town (that is, some of them, not all).

That there is a sex difference in this direction may be discoverable if you take lunch with that same man's wife down town; she will lunch on tea and toast or some utterly disreputable indignity to the stomach called "salad." While he, with great particularity, gives directions for his steak or chop.

Playfulness aside, let us try to face the psychological, spiritual and ethical significance of this one horrible masculine indulgence into which as yet the American woman does not enter sufficiently to be of any statistical importance. The gigantic tobacco output of the United States in 1896 was put down as 403,004,320 pounds, the estimated value of the product being put at $24,258,070, and I suppose the tobacco crop of the United States does not begin to equal the home demand. Quite aside from its economic and physiological significance, what is the spiritual effect of this narcotic upon the men of Chicago? If the men would cease smiling about it long enough to seriously take this phase into consideration, they might begin to trace their inertia when they come home, their indifference to Bible class and study club in the evening to the slippered luxury of the cigar or pipe. What the pipe and the cigar do for the body let the physician answer, but the moralist cannot be blind to the fact that they supplant, for the time being at least, moral enthusiasm, and a hunger for ideas; they misplace, for the time being at least, the hard study and bring all one's readings down to the dreamy realm of passive enjoyment rather than of active pursuit. The distace between the man who, watching the smoke of his cigar, throws out his cynical epithets and epigrams in derision of Browning and Emerson, and the poor Chinaman, lying with glazed eyes on the shelf of the opium joint lost in the vague dream of some fume-tinted paradise, is a difference in degree and not in kind; both are travelling the same road of nerve collapse and mental indifference which is mistaken by the senses for nerve composure and mental serenity.

Nearly twelve years ago I stood upon the ramparts of Morro Castle, then the great Spanish citadel that stood guard over the harbor of Havana, the scene of so much subsequent violence and pathos. Before me lay one of the great panoramas of the world. A semi-tropical city, low ranges of volcanic mountains, varied shippings in the harbor, all joined in making a picture of bewitching softness, canopied with a cloudless sky. Beside me stood a well favored young man with whom I had found intelligent companionship; a fellow citizen of the United States, resident of a neighboring city, a college graduate, rejoicing in the linguistic and scientific attainments that belong to an alumnu of a great Eastern university. Out of the great silence that touched us, in the presence of that subtle thought-provoking picture, the voice of my companion startled me with:

"Do you know what I am going to do tomorrow?"

"No."

"Well, I have made up my mind to tackle the biggest and strongest of those native cigars. They say that very few Americans can stand it to smoke one of them through but I notice that these Spanish officers smoke them altogether. I believe I can master one of them."

And judging from the diligence with which he had trained himself since I had known him, I thought he could, too.

This young man was out for the last touch of preparation before he entered into the fortune which was awaiting his return; and in all probability some woman's heart was beating quick in anticipation of that return, both of them dreaming of the home that was to be. What a pity that he should waste an ounce of life on that Cuban cigar. In taxing his physical strength for that mastery was there not something taken out of the resources of spirit? Was he not crippling mind, stupefying love, robbing that woman of the more delicate bloom of his manhood, the efflorescence of his purity?

Time forbids the pushing of this study further. Perhaps the so-called temperance question has so often failed to enlist the co-operation and the sympathy of the competent and the cultivated because of the fact that the battle has been waged on such a low plain. When the wine, beer and whiskey problem is studied on its psychic side and in its relation to the mental clearness, the moral directness and spiritual power of those who indulge in them, there will be fresh interest in the study and a new movement away from them. The prosperous man whose life is environed with a loving home, cushioned and consoled by a luxurious club, will not be retarded from his wine and his beer by a fear of ultimate loss of physical control or social disgrace; but if he can but realize that these insidiously supplant his eager relish for poetry, his far-reaching sympathy with the highest and best in the community, his avidity for religious, spiritual and civic ideals, he may take serious thought and seek that sobriety that will keep a man young for liberty, ag-

gressive in his passion for progress, ethically alive to the very tips of his fingers and his toes, feeling the electric thrill of living in a world charged with great problems, o'er shadowed with the thunder caps of moral violation and revolution as he and his associates may pierce the cloudy retorts and manage the wild fluid, big with mercy or terrible with destruction.

One more accusation I venture to bring against the masculine elements of society. Explain it as you please except on the false assumption of man's exceptional coarseness, we have to admit that in the life of man today there is a deposit of vulgarity, a vulgarity bred from two awful irreverences: One, sacrilegious flippancy in regard to the sanctities of sex; and the other a sad familiarity with the solemnities of religion, the high, sweet, solemn thought of God, soul, destiny. Both of these result in a coarseness of speech which befoul the tongue with indecencies and callous the mind with profanities. The extent with which men, young men, whose lips are fragrant with pure kisses of newly plighted love; old men whose lips are sanctified by the confident kisses of wife and mother, whose lives have already been endowed with the high sanctities of parentage, often befoul their tongues and desecrate their minds and insult their souls with obscene language that they would not for worlds have wife, mother or sister hear. And still more common in the atmosphere of the counting room as well as of the shop, high officials, men carrying private and public trusts, street car drivers, railroad presidents, bank officials, boys still in knickerbockers, old men tottering toward the grave, burden their speech in a meaningless way with the greatest words of the human soul: God, Christ, Hell, Heaven. The air is lurid with the inverted prayers of thoughtless men.

"Speak the name of God in the presence of children only when the soul is moved by some high experience, some great beauty, large thought or high emotion" says Jean Paul Richter; while the man whom we trust and who are the pillars of many a social fabric, have the name of names upon their lips in the moments of their most extreme levity, anything from the pin that pricks the finger to the most beneficent help of the soul is damned with thoughtless impartiality and assigned to heaven or hell, to the charge of God, Christ or the devil with the most careless impartiality. These are some of the awful coarsenesses of modern society that are peculiarly masculine and of which men ought first to be ashamed that they may amend and remove. This masculine license poisons at its fountain head the pure well of "English undefiled" and leads to that coarseness of life of men and women, maid and youth that is represented by that slush and slime of slang which is the live language outside the walls of the college that spends so much time and money in studying the dead languages within.

There must be some real connection though I will not seek it, between this coarseness of speech represented in the vulgarity and profanity of the masculine tongue and that other coarseness which with wicked inconsistency assumes that that may be pardonable in man which is inexcusable in woman; which apologises, even smiles at depravities of the masculine which found in woman would be visited with crushing neglect and heartless desertion. Let men talk of morals as they will, profess to believe in purity as they may, so long as they assume that that is excusable in man which is intolerable in woman, they add to hypocrisy, a cowardice that is dastardly. "To err is human" and in the long perspective of God the floundering soul deserves pity more than blame, patience more than indignation, but this is the rightful expectation of the human soul, regardless of sex, and not until men and women will adopt one standard of virtue and one standard of blame, and hold equal partners in guilt to equal responsibility granting each the forbearance that will reinstate and the cmfw the forbearance that will reinstate and the forgiveness that will restore, will we have arrived at that stage that can be called moral or be representative of that ethics tha tis commanding and lasting.

But let us have done with the accusation. The sermon should be an appeal, not an arraignment. In view of the vindication with which I started out, in the belief that man's spiritual nature is of the same kind and as fine a fiber as woman's; and that nature meant that man should live up to the same standards as woman, and that he has power so to do, I turn from this accusation to my final appeal and beg of the men in this presence to rise above the blighting and cramping narrowness of what they call "business," wherever it may be, escape from the tyranny of that will-o-the-wisp that has wrought so much ruin,—a far off success; to live more in the present that they may ameliorate the outwardness of their lives by inward fertilizations; to seek the more adequate expressions of the spirit within them; to remember that mind must be nurtured like body else it droops. Let the men seek the inspirations of poetry, rejoice in the holy sedatives of companionship and love. Let men go hand in hand with women into the great and high tasks of the world, live in the present, administer their lives as they go, cleanse themselves from the coarseness and the impurity of the barbaric life out of which they come and be not ashamed to seek the refinement of language, the delicacy of sensibility, the openness of expression with which they have clothed their ideal.

> There is a vision in the heart of each
> Of justice, mercy, wisdom, tenderness
> To wrong and pain, and knowledge of its cure:
> And these embodied in a woman's form
> That best transmits them, pure as first received,
> From God above her, to mankind below.

Let men, all men, like Valence, the noble advocate in Browning's drama,

> Derive their rule from such a ground,
> Nor hold it by the suffrage, say,
> Of this man—this—and this.

So I close the sermon to men, to live womanly lives, to try to realize the ideals which they found in their mothers, their wives and their daughters.

Only when they wed to power gentleness to brawn refinement, to mental vigor spiritual sensibilities, to the love of facts the gleam and glow of the ideal, to the science that deals with things the science that deals with ideas, will they forget masculinity and femininity in the great joy of humanity. In becoming womanly men they become manly men after the pattern of him of Nazareth and thus at last they will prove the justness of the old creative fiat:

> And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. And God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.

Orare Est Laborare.

> Labor is prayer: I doubt not, I,
> That honest work doth gain the sky,
> Not grudged an humble entrance there,
> As the poor fleshly way of prayer.
> Yea, God's wide heart hath room, I think,
> For sparrow's chirp and hammer's chink.
>
> But thou, sweet soul whom God bids lie
> And list the loud world rumbling by,
> I tell thee never loom or mart
> Burned better work-light than thy heart.
> Lie still, and serve thy God, thy neighbor,
> For thee, meek sufferer, prayer is labor.

—*Frederick Langbridge.*

The Study Table.

Columbia, goddess of our Western World
Whose birth was from the Unknown Vast, to be
A hope unto the nations—Liberty
Thy watchword, thine the flag that floats unfurled
Emblem of brave and free—e'en thou hast hurled
Thy might against the weak aspiring; thee
The strong and bloody count their friend; and we,
Thy children, know thy barque has swirled,
As ebbs the tide, from haven. Yet, oh land
We love, again be thine the blessed part
To count all men as brothers; in thy hand
To bear thy torch, our light; and in thy heart,
The love of those that strive, the stanch, the brave,
Who choose a life of freedom, or the grave.

CORNELIA STEKETEE HULST.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

NOTES.

It is not possible that the world will ever go back again to take an interest in the question that evolved Jonathan Edwards, with his satellites, Hopkins, Emmons, Dwight, Bellamy, Nettleton, and others. Therefore it will be impossible for us ever again to take a deep interest in the great reaction which created Park, and after him a milder school of Calvinism. It will be equally impossible for others who come after us to comprehend how much we who lived and worked in the middle of the century, owed to that master mind, Horace Bushnell. At the same time, across the water, worked Frederick Maurice, Frederick Robertson and Dean Stanley. None of these were radicals, as we now would use the word. They did not desire to break with the church; they were constructive in spirit. Horace Bushnell was the poet on this side of the water and Dean Stanley on the other. The writer of these notes will not be able to express the deep gratitude which his whole soul feels as he looks back to these men. Theodore Parker was mightily needed to swing his Thor's hammer; but what would we have done in our days of freedmanship but for these strong constructive spirits who met us at the threshold and bade us remember that Calvinism might perish utterly without infringing upon the life of true Christianity. But what I want to do is, not to write an article on Horace Bushnell, but to ask my readers to obtain a copy of Mr. Munger's "Life of Horace Bushnell"; and after that has been read to get at least a copy of "Nature and the Supernatural," and make a careful reading of it. One more of Mr. Bushnell's books must outlive the period of controversey; I refer to his "Christian Nurture." It is remarkable with what subtlety these books undermined the old conceptions of salvation, and reconstructed theology upon a humanitarian basis. Mr. Munger's "Life of Horace Bushnell" is published by Houghton Mifflin & Co., of Boston.

One of the most remarkable achievements in American literature has been the creation and upbuilding of the "Monist" and the "Open Court." The "Monist" steadily moves on, giving us month by month the best metaphysical work of the day. "Open Court" has changed its character somewhat, discussing less frequently current problems. America may be proud of its adopted son, Dr. Paul Carus, who has created these magazines of higher thought.

E. P. POWELL.

Not a few of my readers will remember a remarkable account of Japan, and of the Ainos, written by Isabella L. Bird, and published some ten years since. It is my impression that no abler book of travels was published during the nineteenth century. Miss Bird married and became Mrs. Bishop. She is now the author of two superb volumes, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, and entitled "The Yangtze Valley and Beyond." They are an account of journeys in China, and are not only printed with Mr. Putnam's magnificent style, but illustrated with great judgment. The book is unrivaled in the field which it occupies. I do not know where else anyone can get anything like as good an account of the great problems involved in China and its break-up; problems in which not only European countries are involved, but the United States. The discussion of Protestant missions in China is peculiarly valuable. We are not loaded down with statistics, but there is a clear and assured summing up of facts. We shall especially be grateful for the information given us concerning the social and governmental peculiarities of the Celestial Empire. That part of China which Mrs. Bird-Bishop discusses is the Valley where England has planted her influence, and which she proposes to make the center of the Anglo-Saxon sphere of interest.

I do not see how anyone can open the "American Monthly Review of Reviews," for February, covering the whole field of religious and political life, without immediately saying, "I must have this magazine enter into my family life." It gives us a thoroughly admirable discussion of Dwight L. Moody, and another of General Lawton, and a third of Field Marshall Roberts. There is just one drawback to the magazine, that there is still a touch of the influence of W. T. Stead to be discovered. Mr. Stead is the moral sensationalist of the day. Sometimes thorough, more often superficial; often brilliant, more often turgid; literature can dismiss him without serious loss.

The Macmillan Company in their "Pocket American Classics" will shortly issue the following volumes: The Sketch Book; The Alhambra; Selections from Poe's Prose Tales; Franklin's Autobiography; The Vision of Sir Launfal and The Deerslayer. Each volume is provided with notes, portraits and an introductory aid to the reader.

A useful book for travelers by Mrs. Cadwalader Jones, gives information as to the registration of baggage, the system of hotel management, the scale of fees, etc., and many other small items not usually to be found in regular guide books. Her suggestions are based on personal experience.

Professor George Edward Woodberry's Makers of Literature will contain reprints of his "Studies in Letters and Life," together with essays on Shelley, Landor, Browning, Arnold, Byron, Coleridge, Lowell and Whittier.

Dr. Francis Warner's new book on The Nervous System of the Child; Its Growth and Health in Education, will be a valuable addition to his Study of Children and their School Training.

Mr. Frederic Harrison in his book on Tennyson, Ruskin, Mill and Other Literary Estimates, gives us the core of Ruskin's teaching about art when he says that it has always been a sort of "preface in his teachings of honesty, purity, discipline and religion." He devotes three chapters to Ruskin as a master of prose and as a prophet.

In an appreciative editorial of Mr. Dooley's last book entitled, "Our Debt to Mr. Dooley," Mr. Grant

Richards says "our real debt to Mr. Dooley is that he is one of the few writers of the day, who has the priceless gift of compelling laughter. We have little doubt that Mr. Dooley has come to stay. His second book is on the lines of his first, but there is not the slightest sign that he has come anywhere near exhausting the peculiar vein of caustic drollery of which he is the fortunate monopolist."

Among the new books to be put forth by the Macmillan House, of New York, that will interest our readers, are Mrs. Constance Garnett's "Translations of Tourgueneff's Novels" in fifteen volumes, Mr. H. G. Graham's "Social Life in Scotland" and Professor George D. Fairchild's book on "Rural Wealth and Welfare". Professor Fairchild is Vice-President of Berea College, Kentucky, and has taken up a phase of economic study too much neglected. All the modern perplexities are not confined to the city and the life of the farmer is an immense element in the future weal or woe of our country. It takes a pamphlet of forty-five pages to announce the spring publications of this house, each page of which is loaded with attractions. Among the biographies is an illustrated memorial of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. In history there is the promise of the first volume of Lord Acton's "Modern History" which is to continue through twelve volumes; and John Rhys, Professor of Celtic in the University of Oxford, in connection with David Brynmor Jones, M. P., are to give us a volume on "The Welsh People: Their Origin, Language and History." In fiction, James Lane Allen is to give us a new novel, "The Reign of Law". In criticism Frederick Harrison's book on "Tennyson, Ruskin and Mill" will attract as will also Professor George E. Woodberry's study of "Brook Farm". Rev. Henry Van Dyke is going to give us a book entitled "The Knickerbockers" and Rev. D. D. Addison, one on "The College in American Life and Letters".

In view of the vast number of text books that are being foisted on our public schools through the mechanical contrivances of book trusts and special "pulls," it is gratifying to discover so many text books in the list of so reputable and independent a house as this. Every teacher should send for this catalogue for surely there is something here to his or her needs. Let no one imagine that there is an abatement of interest in theology; twenty-five or more volumes are in the spring announcements of this house alone.

G. P. Putnam's matchless series of books entitled "The Story of the Nations" has reached its fiftieth issue, which is given to "Modern Spain." Yielding to the divine instinct that sympathizes with one that is down, the American people will do well to study this volume, and find that even here there are redemptive forces at work and that not even Spain is without promise or without hope. Among the other books in the spring announcement of this house, is "A Study of Slavery and the Four Years of War" by Major General J. Warren Keifer. We are glad that our friend, General Keifer, has given his experiences and studies the benefit of this thirty years perspective before giving to the public the book dealing with the strain and stress of a great issue of which he can truly say "All of which I have seen, much of which I have been." This house also promises a book on "North American Forests and Forestry: Their Relations to the National Life of the American People" by Ernest Bruncken, Secretary of the Forestry Commission of Wisconsin. In biography the Putnam House is giving us fresh books on Bismarck, Alexander the Great, Charlemagne, Oliver Cromwell and Theodore Beza.

The Sunday School.

A Course of Study in the Non-Biblical Jewish Writings.

NOTES FROM THE MOTHERS' NORMAL CLASS OF ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO.

Prepared by E. H. W.

XIV.

ADDITIONS TO DANIEL.

MEMORY TEXT:

Praise and exalt him above all forever. Song of the Three Holy Children.

Although it does not so appear in the arrangement of our Bible, the book of Daniel is perhaps the youngest of the Old Testament books. Until recently it has been the despair and perplexity of the scholars. For nearly eighteen hundred years all the millennial movements, all the Second Advent agitations that have swept over the Jewish or Christian world, have found inspiration in the book of Daniel. All this perplexity arose from the assumption that the book was composed away back in Babylon in the time of the Captivity and saw the centuries that were to come, whereas modern scholars find out that it was written not earlier than the second century B. C., and told of things that had passed instead of those that were yet to come.

The book of Daniel was written in Hebrew and so easily found its way into the canon. A little later, probably after the completion of the Septuagint, there were found these three additions which were thrown out of our Bible, probably because they were written in Greek instead of Hebrew. These additions are: "The Song of the Three Holy Children," "The History of Susanna," and "Bel and the Dragon."

The most interesting and most valuable of these is "The Song of the Three Holy Children." This is a great classic and is used in the liturgy of the Jewish, Christian, Protestant and Catholic Churches; indeed I think traces of it are found in the Mohammedan worship. The setting is found in the twenty-third verse of the third chapter of Daniel. After telling that the three children were thrown into the fiery furnace, the text goes on: "Therefore, because the king's commandment was urgent and the furnace exceeding hot, the flame of the fire slew those men that took up Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. And these three men, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, fell down bound into the midst of the burning, fiery furnace." Just here followed the song which we find in the Apocrypha and then the narrative was taken up as we have it in the twenty-fourth verse:—"Then Nebuchadnezzar the king was astonied," etc.

Now for liturgical purposes some one evidently felt that the story was not complete. Imagination asked how the children got along in the fiery furnace. And so with poetic insight, to meet a psychological want, one of the children is made to breathe a devout prayer; and then the three break out into a great hymn, which has become a part of the ritual of the Jewish and Christian world. In our Sunday-school we read it with the children at the Harvest Festival.

When the earlier critics wanted to crush Walt Whitman's poetry, they compared it to a page of the dictionary and called it "catalogue poetry." The earliest "catalogue poetry" that I know is this "Song of the Three Holy Children," but it is a catalogue so arranged that it has cumulative power. It was originally arranged for some kind of musical accompaniment. Probably the choir on one side gave the theme and the choir on the other side gave the response.

It has been criticised as monotonous, but it has a deathless quality. It is the swing and sweep of a great chorus, an orchestral movement of Nature. It is the clearest and richest recognition of the sanctity and beauty of natural forces that we find anywhere in the Bible. The Jews were not given to recognizing the beauty and significance of material Nature. They had not that appreciation of sensuous beauty that we find in the Greek thought. Their God spoke through the grimness of the mountains, not through beauty of fields and sunshine. Sinai was a menacing mountain. But in this song we find a Greek-like appreciation of Nature. If we accept Matthew Arnold's distinction that the Hebrew mind is committed to the right and the Greek to the beautiful, this fragment is more Hellenistic than Hebraistic. It is a canticle of Nature, a liturgical hymn in prose. Jewish? Yes. Catholic? Yes. Protestant? Yes. Mohammedan? Yes. Everybody's? Yes. It is a hymn of natural religion.

Of the other two fragments, "Susanna" is a disagreeable story, not available for Sunday-school uses. The point of the story is simply the skill of the astute judge who had learned to examine witnesses one at a time so that the liars could be found out. We find such stories running through the folk-lore of many people.

"Bel and the Dragon" consists of two distinct stories, both of them almost childish. "Bel" was a big idol that was believed to devour a great amount of eatables over night. The young radical, Daniel, ventured to throw some doubt upon the story that the idol ate up the goodies in the night. The king resented the insinuation and the young boy Daniel said, "Very well, if I can't prove it is a fraud you may put me to death." That night, as usual, the temple was filled with provisions. But Daniel said, "Cover the floor with ashes and go home." This was done and the door was locked and sealed with the king's seal that no one might get in. And the people went home expecting to see Daniel hung in the morning. Next morning when the door was unlocked, everything had been eaten up, sure enough, but lo! all around in the ashes were the tracks of the priests and their families who had come up through a secret trap door in the night for the provisions and did not know they had left their tracks behind them. So Daniel came out ahead, as usual.

The story of "The Dragon" is more Egyptian than Assyrian, for it fits into the Egyptian custom of worshiping the crocodile. Daniel said: "Give me a chance and I will fix up a dose for him." And he put together some kind of indigestible stuff which the crocodile or dragon ate. It proved to be too much for him and burst his stomach and he died.

The three fragments contain altogether five distinct stories, probably having no relation of authorship. Doubtless many like them have been lost. They are fragments of a Daniel lore, such a lore as has gathered around King Arthur. Daniel was a national hero.

There is no way known of fixing the date of these writings. All we can say is that they must have been written later than the book of Daniel, because they were written in Greek, while Daniel was written in Aramaic or Hebrew.

Doubtless Jesus was familiar with these Daniel stories in his boyhood. He must have known the Babylonian stories, the Enoch songs, the Moses stories and all the beautiful Daniel lore.

Our studies are now bringing us into the atmosphere in which Jesus was born and out of which the New Testament departure came. We find this atmosphere saturated with Greek intellectual and spiritual environment. The inhabitants of Jerusalem at this time were quite as much Greek as Hebrew. Palestine was a seething cauldron of non-Jewish thought and non-Jewish life. Notwithstanding the prevalent belief to the contrary, it seems to me that every attempt to carry down anything like a race purity to the Jew breaks down in the light of modern scholarship. The chief continuity is one of tradition.

The Earth, the World and I.

"Child," said the Earth to me,
"What can you do?
Why do you try?
Can you not see
That all you are and can ever be
Is the product of Heredity—
Merely the outcome, sure and true,
Of other lives gone by?
Because your ancestors were such,
Back to primeval slime,
Therefore you all and sin so much,
Therefore 'tis waste of time
For you seek to steer your course
Free of this cumulative force.
Beast, plant and rock, your story runs
Back to the power that swings the suns;
And can you disobey the laws
That move you from the primal cause?
Peace, fretful child! Be still!
And do my will!"

"Child," said the World to me,
"What can you do?
Why do you try?
Can you not see
That all the effort you have spent
Is the product of Environment—
That your surroundings govern you,
And circumstances nigh?
Because you're born in such an age,
Because you're taught from such a page,
Because your friends are so and so—
Therefore you act and feel and know
Just as you do. I vain you've tried
To throw this influence aside.
Fruit of your century and race,
Your family and dwelling-place,
Your education, work and friends—
You have no individual ends!
Peace, fretful child! Be still!
And do my will!"

Said I to the Earth: "Dear Dirt,
Your remarks don't hurt,
Being peacefully, perfectly true—
But the fact of my coming from you
Does not alter another, my dear—
This fact—I am here!
Evolution's long effort to Be
Has resulted in me,
And I hark with respect to your tones
As I would to my bones
Should their feelings new utterance give,
Should they say, 'We allow you to live!'
Heredity? Yes, I admit
All you're claiming for it.
The 'first cause' is still running your ranch
But I'm a collateral branch!
In which the same power is set free,
To be handled by me.
You don't see? No matter, old friend,
It's all one in the end."

Said I to the World: "I can take
No offense at the statements you make.
They are truthful as far as they go—
But there's much that you don't know.
Your power you correctly define,
But you fail to see mine.
You make me, in part, it is true—
But, my friend, who makes you?
The environment's force on our race
Is not climate or place
So much as each new demonstration
Of our social relation.
Our strongest impressions we take
From conditions we make;
And when we don't like the effect
We can change—can select;
Can unmake and remake and choose
The conditions we use!
Just think what the product will be
When I make you make me!"

—*Charlotte Perkins Stetson in February Cosmopolitan.*

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—The charity that thinketh no evil trusts in God and trusts in men.
MON.—"Work and wait," is what God says to us in Creation and in Providence.
TUES.—No nation can be destroyed while it possesses a good home life.
WED.—Whenever we see a great human life in progress, in the production of notable results, we may always know that there is something within it which drives it,—a motive-power.
THURS.—Cost is the father and compensation is the mother of progress.
FRI.—Childhood may do without a grand purpose, but manhood cannot.
SAT.—A man who is poor in trust is the poorest of all God's creatures.

—*J. G. Holland.*

My Motto.

Quite disheartened was I one gray morn
Of a new year but just then begun,
As I thought of the much I had hoped,
Of the little I really had won.
Came a host of resolves trooping up,
Now this and now that led the van;
Some new foe seemed as oft to arise,
Meeting each in its turn with a ban.

To do aught that was great, grand, or good,
Of small use it appeared e'en to try.
Like a search-light dispelling the gloom
Came this thought and it seemed to defy—
With its strength and its beauty conjoined—
My forebodings, their weakness to scan:
No matter what any one else does
I will do as near right as I can.

It still comes to me oft as I work,
Bringing courage and hope in its train.
'Tis because I have found it of use
That to share it with you I am fain.
Here it is; come and take it, 'tis yours;
It will do for child, woman, or man:
No matter what any one else does
I will do as near right as I can.

Though I find myself powerless and weak,
My surroundings all greatly awry,
Though the demons of doubt do their worst,
Though in ruins my air-castles lie,
Though friend join with foe for my hurt,
All shall not my purpose unman:
No matter what any one else does,
I will do as near right as I can.

GAZELLE STEVENS SHARP.

An Eskimo Home.

Would you like to make a call to-day on Zaksriner, a little Eskimo girl who lives in Northern Alaska? Instead of going up the steps to the front door, and ringing the bell to let her know we have arrived, there will not be any steps or front door to be seen; but we must make our way through a strange looking opening in the ground, and descend into Zaksriner's home by means of a short step-ladder. When we have reached the bottom of the hut we must crawl on our hands and knees a short distance, in order to reach the living room of the family.

Zaksriner's father worked very hard to make this hut. He began by digging a hole in the ground about six feet deep, and then logs were stood up side by side all around the hole. On the tops of these were laid other logs, even with the top of the ground. Then these logs were covered with moss and dirt, leaving an opening about two feet square, over which was stretched a piece of walrus entrail, transparent enough to allow a little light to come through. This is the only window in the hut. When we enter the living room we shall find about a dozen persons, some sitting on the floor and some leaning against the logs of the hut, for besides Zaksriner, her two brothers, and her father and mother, there are two other families who live with them in this home. For eight months they all live in this little room that we would think was hardly large enough for two persons.

As we look about us we shall not find any tables or chairs. In fact about the only article of furniture to be seen is a very queer looking stove or lamp. It looks like a circular piece of board cut in halves. The center is hollowed out to the depth of about half an inch, and around this hollow place is spread a sort of cotton. This cotton was gathered by Zaksriner and her mother, in the late fall, from a wild shrub that grows near their home. The cotton answers for a lamp-wick, and when seal oil is poured on it will burn many hours. In making a light Zaksriner's father first took a small piece of this cotton and rolled it in wood ashes. Then holding it between his thumb and a piece of flint, he kept striking with a piece of steel against the flint till sparks appeared and set the cotton on fire. It is such hard work to start a fire in this way, the members of the family are very careful to never allow the light to go out from the time Zaksriner's father starts the flame in the fall till the family is ready to leave the hut in the spring, and move into the summer tent. If we look closely we shall discover that this lamp-stove is hung on two wooden pegs that are driven into the logs on one side of the hut. Then just above the lamp we shall see a piece of seal blubber, hung on another peg, just far enough from the flame to cause the oil to drip constantly upon the lamp.

We shall find Zaksriner seated on the ground patiently braiding and twisting sinew thread. This is one of the first things little Eskimo girls are taught to do. When she is a little older her mother will teach her to sew skins together with the sinew thread she has prepared. It will probably not be long before she can help make her father's "kar pee tuk," or rain coat. It will be made of the entrails of the seal or walrus. The strips of skin are only about three inches wide, and it will be a long, hard task to carefully sew these strips together; but when it is done her father will have a water-tight garment that will protect him when off on his fishing trips, and it will only weigh a few ouhces.—*Child-Garden.*

January.

We were so busy deciding whether or not a new century had begun with the new year, that we probably forgot the little story which the name of each new month brings us. Long ago, the year had only ten months, but with the added two months, January has become the leader. This month was named for Janus, the war god. Many temples were built in his honor in the City of Rome, the finest of which was a great arch way with twelve gates that were kept locked as long as peace endured. When the country went to war it was the custom for the chief magistrate to unfasten the gates with an impressive ceremony. A large statue of the god Janus stood near the great gates. This statue had two faces, one looking back into the city, the other facing toward the Roman road. And we, at the new year, look backward at the time which has gone and forward to the coming days.

This god of good beginnings was supposed to ensure good endings, so he was sought at the beginning of all undertakings by those who could afford to gain his favor by gifts of fresh meal and salt.

A. B. K.

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

QUINCY, ILL.—Rev. S. L. Elberfeld has accepted a unanimous call to the Unitarian Church of this city. His work has begun under favorable auspices.

MADISON, WIS.—Rev. F. A. Gilmore, of Haverhill, Mass., has accepted a call to the First Unitarian Society. He will begin his work in a few weeks.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Rev. Albert Lazenby has received a unanimous call from Unity Church.

MINNEAPOLIS.—Rev. Florence Kollock Crooker of Ann Arbor has been giving a course of lectures before the ladies' social circle of the Church of the Redeemer on topics connected with the new problems of religion, among which were "The Ministry of the Beautiful to the Masses," "Educational Values," "The Child," "The New Philanthropy," and "The Ethics of Political Equality."

CHICAGO.—At the Society of Ethical Culture, Steinway Hall, Mr. Salter will speak on the twenty-fifth inst. on "Trust Problems," or "Whither We Are Tending." The Women's Union meets on the twenty-seventh inst. at 3 p. m. and will be addressed by Mrs. Charles Henrotin and Mrs. W. R. Morse, president. The Henry Booth House, a center for social and educational work, established by the Ethical Society in May, 1898, continues its good work. The good accomplished might be greatly increased by a new home where residents could live without physical discomforts, which interfere with good work and the various activities could have room to expand. There are more workers needed. There are about thirty in all who do faithful work, but there is need for as many more, who are willing to do regular and earnest work for the dwellers of the Seventh ward.

IDA GROVE, IA., UNITY CHURCH.—The various activities of this society have been sustained with more than gratifying interest. As the result of a little over a year's work the Ladies' Unity Circle reports a contribution of $500.00 to the general fund. Besides their efforts in earning money, a fine programme of reading and discussion has been the chief feature of their meetings. The average attendance of our Sunday-school has been seven officers and teachers and about forty-six pupils. Our Sunday congregations are equal in numbers to those of our sister churches and increasing steadily. We hope in the near future to own and remodel our hall and thus secure greater comfort and better attendance. As it is, cold weather plays havoc with the size of the congregation. Some efforts at missionary work have been attempted from this point. Mr. Rosbach held midweek services at Castana, some distance west of here, and was well received each time. There is the nucleus of a Unitarian Church at Castana; only time and a little self sacrifice are needed to develop it.

NEW YORK.—The Federation of Churches and Christian Workers in Greater New York has been in existence since 1896. From a report printed about two years ago we learn what has been accomplished in a limited district—from Forty-second to Sixteenth and from Eighth Avenue to the river—in the space of two years. Through the co-operation of all the churches in this locality every home is visited and given all the information available regarding libraries, kindergartens, and all other philanthropies; such churches as are the choice of the persons visited are located for them—no attempts at proselyting being attempted. The various pastors report many excellent results from these methods and many new attendants at church and Sunday-school. One or more settlements included in the specified territory claim that their existence and efficiency have come from the interest engendered by this co-operative house to house visiting. Naturally the people interested in this pioneer movement dream of a larger and more complete association of philanthropists that shall eventually include all the districts of Greater New York. When that royal dream shall come to pass, doubtless they will pass their "enthusiasm for humanity" along still farther and say to all the towns and cities of the country, "Go thou and do likewise."

What a blessed day we live in when good people seem to be forgetting their differences and learning to work harmoniously together for the helping of those who sorely need their help.

The Roman Catholic rectors co-operate in the Federation work, but not in the parish system, because of the completeness already existing in the parochial system of the Roman Church.

The spiritual sympathies created in this work are disseminating slowly but surely the sense that the church has awakened to her social mission. It aims to create a civic conscience.

Genevan Holidays.

The following interesting facts concerning holidays and festivals in that beautiful old city on Lake Leman, beloved of students and of tourists, are gathered mainly from an extended article in Le Signal de Geneve:

The writer prefaces his remarks with the statement that his reflections are those of a Protestant, but should any Catholic fellow-citizen wish to treat the subject from his point of view the columns of Le Signal will be open to him, and that the ideas of their Israelite compatriots would also be of interest.

In the eyes of a Genevan Protestant there are three kinds of holidays aside from the ordinary Sunday. They are: Religious festivals recognized by the National Protestant Church and in general by all Genevan Protestants; national festivals and popular anniversaries; legal holidays. Naturally these coincide to some extent.

The religious festivals are ten in number; five in each half-year. Five are common to the Universal Christian Church. Seven are movable, three are fixed, and five always fall on Sunday. The ten follow in their order from the beginning of the year: 1, New Year; 2, Good Friday; 3, Easter; 4, Ascension day; 5, Pentecost; 6, The Genevan fast-day; 7, The Federal fast-day; 8, Festival of the Reformation; 9, Christmas; 10, The festival of the Genevan Restoration. Of 6, 7, 8 and 10 he gives the following explanation: The Genevan fast was instituted in 1698. The Swiss cities, with their ally Geneva resolved to choose the first Thursday in September for a service of humiliation and repentance. Memories of St. Bartholomew (August 24, 1572) and of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes (October 22, 1685) led to the choice of this time of year, and the festival has ever been intimately associated with the national joys and trials.

The Federal fast in its present form dates back to August 1, 1832. At the suggestion of the canton of Aargan, the Diet unanimously decided that all the states of the Confederation should celebrate the third Sunday in September as a day of fasting, thanksgiving and prayer. Thus a national solemnity was instituted, which ignores all confessional lines and ought to unite all citizens in the same patriotic and religious thoughts.

It would have seemed natural that the establishment of the Federal fast, should cause an abandonment of the Genevan one; and, as a matter of fact, for some years the two were combined on the new date. But there were some who could not bear to give up permanently the day which had so long been celebrated by the churches of Switzerland and Holland, and after a time a very strong demonstration was made in favor of re-establishing the Genevan fast. Governmental opposition was overcome, and the fast was celebrated in the cathedral of St. Pierre. From that time it has remained popular and has taken its place among the holidays of the church. It is observed on the Thursday following the first Sunday in September. Hence it sometimes falls on the first and sometimes on the second Thurs-

day in the month, but always ten days before the Federal fast day.

The festival of the Reformation dates from 1873. The order of the Consistory read: "Art. 1. The first Sunday of November in each year shall be set apart for a commemorative service bearing on the general benefits of the Reformation. It shall be called the Festival of the Reformation." The announcement read from the pulpits said: "For many years the churches of Germany, joined successively by those of France and by some of Switzerland, have observed this anniversary with special services. It was on the 31st of October, 1517, that Luther affixed to the church door of the chateau at Wittenberg the ninety-five theses in which he condemned in the name of conscience and of the Gospel the errors and abuses of the Church of Rome. From that event may be dated the era of the enfranchisement of the Christian conscience." Following the lead of Geneva, the Swiss churches since 1874 have observed the first Sunday after the 31st of October.

The Festival of the Restoration dates from the first anniversary of that memorable event. This is one of the days included in all three categories, being at once a religious, a national or popular, and an official holiday. At the end of 1814 the Council of State called upon all citizens to assemble in their churches on December 31 to thank God for the providential deliverance of their little country. It was on this day that twenty-five citizens founded the Bible Society. The day begins each year with salvos of artillery, by order of the government, and during the night of the 30-31st of December citizens go in procession to decorate with the national colors the commemorative tablet on the Hotel de Ville.

Beside the one just mentioned, there are two other national holidays: The Swiss national festival, which originated in 1891 in a celebration of the 600th anniversary of the formation of the Swiss Confederation. Last year it was a happy inspiration of the Federal Council to order the bells rung throughout the entire country on the evening of August 1, so that the day might not pass unnoticed; a simple and dignified observance worthy of the character of a national holiday, and far better than certain celebrations with balls and fire works.

The "Escalade" commemorating the unsuccessful attempt of the Duke of Savoy to take the walled city by surprise on the night of the 11-12th of December, 1602, ceased to be observed as an official and religious holiday during the troubles of 1782 and the following years. It was not reestablished when Geneva regained her independence, out of regard for certain Savoyard communities that were then annexed to her territory, but it still remains essentially the popular festival, with some quaint and characteristic observances. Any one who has ever been in Geneva at that time will remember the ever-present "marmite," and the groups of children in costume who go from house to house singing the old song of the "Escalade." I regret that my copy is not at hand, so that I might quote a stanza or two. It is proposed to hold a great celebration of this day in 1902, the 300th anniversary of that memorable escape of the Protestant city from its Catholic foes, and I fancy that will be a peculiarly interesting time to be in Geneva.

The legal, or official, holidays are New Year, Easter Monday (only in recent years), Ascension Day, the day for the election of the Council of State, Christmas, and the 31st of December. M. E. H.

Books Received.

SMALL, MAYNARD & CO.,
6 Beacon Street, Boston.

Indian Story and Song, From North America. By Alice C. Fletcher. $1.50.

Letters of Thomas Gray, Selected, with a Biographical Notice. By Henry Milnor Redeout. $1.00.

The Anglo-Boer Conflict, Its History and Causes. By Alleyne Ireland. 75c.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY,
66 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Brook Farm, Its Members, Scholars, and Visitors. By Lindsay Swift. $1.25.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS,
27 and 28 West 23rd Street, New York.

North American Forests and Forestry; Their Relations to the Natural Life of the American People. By Ernest Brunchen.

The work of blind women typewriters is one of the interesting features of the United States Treasury Department. It is said that their work is equal to that of the best operators, and as much is expected of them in dictation and copying as of those who have their full eyesight. So satisfactory are the services of these blind clerks that it is proposed to give opportunity to many more afflicted with loss of sight next year. There are only three or four now employed.

Special for Easter.

THE HOUSE ON THE SHORE. An Easter Allegory. By FRANCES POWER COBBE.

THE SPARROW'S FALL. By WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

INHABITING ETERNITY. By FREDERICK L. HOSMER.

EASTER SONGS. By CHARLOTTE C. ELIOT.

The above four booklets, white or tinted covers, each 15 cents (eight to one address for one dollar.)

THE STORY OF THE DRAGON-FLY. By HENRY D. STEVENS. Single copy, 6 cents (ten copies, 50 cents.)

EASTER MOTTO-CARDS.

Athanasia.	By CHARLES G. AMES.
Heart's Love.	By RALPH WALDO EMERSON.
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Sorrow's Use.	By GEORGE ELIOT.

In color; size, 3x4 inches. Price, less than one dozen, 2 cents each; per dozen, one kind or assorted, 20 cents (six dozen for one dollar).

A BOY'S LIFE: ITS SPIRITUAL MINISTRY. By HENRY D. STEVENS. Part I, Pictures and Incidents (eight chapters); Part II, Sadness and Gladness (six chapters). Cloth, neatly stamped, 50 cents; white and gold, full gilt, in box, 75 cents.

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The Petrified Fern.

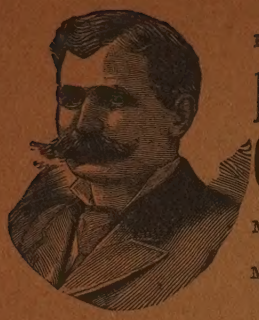
In a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern-leaf, green and slender,
Veining delicate and fibres tender;
Waving when the wind crept down so low;
Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round it,
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole in by night, and crowned it,
But no foot of man e'er trod that way;
Earth was young and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Stately forests waved their giant branches,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain;
Nature revelled in grand mysteries;
But the little fern was not of these,
Did not number with the hills and trees,
Only grew and waved its wild sweet way,—
No one came to note it day by day.

Earth, one time, put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks and changed the mighty motion
Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean;
Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood,
Crushed the little fern in soft moist clay,
Covered it, and hid it safe away.
O, the long, long centuries since that day!
O, the agony, O, life's bitter cost,
Since that useless little fern was lost!

Useless! Lost! There came a thoughtful man,
Searching Nature's secrets, far and deep;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran
Fairy pencillings, a quaint design,
Veinings, leafage, fibres clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay in every line!
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us the last day.

—*Mary Bolles Branch.*



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